

**The Studios of Key West
Robert Frost Poetry Contest Winners
age group 13-18)**

First Place:

The Musician
Sonja Griffin (age 13)

The Musician

All the lights on me,
Fingers on the keys mouth in place,
All I have to do is let the air free.
I don't want to see an unhappy face.

I have found the key,
I have found the pace,
The percussionist motions to me,
It is my solo for St. James Place.
Music sends me
To a place
Where I can truly be free,
Especially from violence, greed and disgrace.

It is funny for a little girl like me,
To try to be Louis Armstrong, to take his place.

Second Place: Ashley Grimanelis (age 14)
The Last Time

The Last Time

He steps into the box and digs his cleats into the clay.
He takes a deep breath and prepares to hit away.
He eyes the pitcher with a look of anticipation.
What will come next is a feeling of realization.

This is his sport, forever and always
Once on the field he forgets all his problems
Nothing beat the feeling he has when playing on the field
If he's feeling unhappy, this is his shield

Another deep breath and he's all set to go
His thoughts are swirling in his head like a tornado
He taps home plate with his bat, ready to endeavor
What he doesn't know is that this will be his last game playing forever.

Third Place: Gracie Wood (age 13)

Books

Books

Books, there is more to them than stories,
they are a way of life.
They make a world where anything is possible,
where the word "impossible" doesn't exist.

You can be yourself and express who you are,
be whatever you wish.
Learn life goals and important skills,
convey the knowledge and let it guide you.

They are a way to escape,
curl up in a ball and indulge yourself.
Avoiding the frightening world of life,
hiding away where it won't find you.

There is more to them than a cover,
flip the thin delicate pages, it is an eye opener.
The pages are like a sea of words,
hooking you and never letting go.

Turning another page and a new story begins,
the suspension of what is next will destroy you from the inside out.
They cause a chain of events to occur,
reading book after book, clenching your fists so hard,
your knuckles will be white by the end of it.

Be warned, when you know the truth,
you won't know what to do.
When you know what lies beyond the cover,
you will scratch your head and ponder,
what did I get myself into?

Honorable Mention: Hannah Brown (age 17)

Spilt Ink

Spilt Ink

Do not cry
Over spilt ink
For we cannot take back those words
Do not cry
Over spily ink
Sometimes it is without thought
We retort
Do not cry
Over spilt ink
And regret what was
Flung across an echoing hall
With blistering heat an cutting tone
Do not cry
Over spilt ink
When anger clouds the page
And drips over on to the floor
Do not cry
Over spilt ink
Lest you miss
The writing on the wall

Honorable Mention: Henry Kokenzie (age 17)

Music, the Savior

Music, the Savior

Oh music,
You brighten every moment I spend with you,
What with your waves of emotion and injections of new ideas.
You lighten and deepen every frontier I venture to,
Giving a fresh view of all surroundings.
I love both the calm and excitement you offer,
The peace and passion you inspire so frequently.
Music, with your sonorous serenity,
It seems I cannot enjoy my life without you.
From your classical concertos easing the burdens of my work,
To your up beat urban oration fueling my Saturday night drives and
adventures,
You truly make life better and more bearable.
But perhaps most of all, your tranquil tunes as a catalyst for sleep,
That blissful state of relaxation and recuperation.
Oh music,
You truly are a hero.

Honorable Mention: Keely Butler (age 15)

Chipotle

Chipotle

Poetry is like eating chipotle.

Poetry can be crunchy like chipotles chips.

The feelings and mix emotion Is put in the chipotles burrito.

Poetry can be smooth like the guacamole.

Poetry can be mild hot, and spicy, like the sauce.

Poetry can be corny like there corn.

Poetry can be chewy like there steak.

Poetry is like eating chipotle.

Chipotle is life.

Honorable Mention Caleb Beeman (age 14)

Way of Life

Way of Life

The bump, bruises, and broken bones,
The blood that pours from open wounds,
The stitches needed to mend the cuts,
All of this can become to much.

The death-defying leaps of faith,
The frightening heights at which you face,
You still decide to risk your life,
Just because it all feels right.

Some people do it day and night,
Just because it's a way of life,
To have the thrill without a pill,
Skateboarding is my way of life.